The Rutland County Herald.

VOL. LXL--NO. 33.

RUTLAND, VERMONT, FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 12, 1853.

WHOLE NO. 3045.1

THE RUTLAND HERALD. BY L. BARNEY.

TO CLUBS, BY MAIL,

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SONGS FOR SUMMER. D Susmer' Summer, with the golden trewn'
There content was the worlds work flery feet.
The white skinned X sinds tanguidly lie down
Aund thy sairly best,

Of now to factle in some event markle from In those fair gradum Epicirus Simulad; Where in height etremists by waters mount, By mystle frees autromised.

Made mutmor to the air with gentle cadence, Where oft with number waists and checks aglow Came Florentine fair maidean

But me 'we have the sen, the flashing one, And tread the wide expanses of allow sands. We hear old post Ocean chanting free His takes of alone lands.

Pittly to the wooding wind. From nothe romante Plungs in the freely gross, languing, quivering bet State thre with kines of the fair Atlante, And then—go boose and dise. LOTOS PATING

Who would care to pass his life away,
Of the Lote-land a dreamful denizes—
Lote-stands round a waveless tay,
Sung by Alfred Tennyson?

Strawberry icebergs in a summer time— But of elected many a massive splinter, Good gloot stories, and a chaose thyros, For the nights of winter. New and then a friend, and some sauterns New and then a neck of Highland vents And for Love-lands I'll never years, Masgre Alfred Tennyans.

THE THRUSH'S NEST.

A Sounce by Jose Cases, the Northemptons: Pessant. Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush Within a thick and spreading hawthern hush. That overhoog a mode hill large and round. I heard from most to mere a merry thrush man his most and the sound with jet, and of, an incontrading guest, I watched her secret took from day to day; How true also warp'd the misse to form her nest, And model'd it within with wool and clay. And by and by, like health belte gift with dew, There is the property her change green and blue; And there I witness'd, in the summer bourts, A brood of nature's winstrels chirp and fly, Glad as the sundiffice and the laughting sky.

The Family Circle.

Sketch of Mr Chonte as an Orator. We copy the following discription of Mr Choate from the New York Times; Mr Choate rose to speak. His appearance, as you are aware, is singular-ly striking. Of rather more than medium height,—thin, and apparently of feeble frame,—with large eyes, close, curling black hair, flexible in all its features, and expression, and marked by evidences of severe and incessant study, and betraying in every movement, and in every glance, the nervousness and intense, energetic carnestness of his temperament, his opening words and manner are quite sufficient to excite expectation of something very different from the commonplaces of eloquent public speaking. And this expectation is never deceived. The whole structure

of his mind is eminently original. His voice is rich, sweet and strong graceful from its abruptness and nerous vigor, is always impressive; his sentences, winding into every nook and corner of his subject, and desperately bent, as it seems, upon hunting out and bringing into light the remotest shades and relations of meaning connected with it-long, involved parenthetical, and of en broken apparently, are yet alway correct and wooderfully exhaustive and his language is clacical in its words and phrases, and inevitably exact. is, undoubtedly, the most thoroughly and profoundedly educated man in public life; and his orations, no matter what may be the subject or the occasion of them, are master-pieces of a peculiar and consumate art. He resubles Burke more nearly, in many of the great characteristics of his genius, than any other writer; and if he is inferior to him in that unmatched wealth of intellect which marks Burke as the miracle of his age, he is not unequal to him in that pro-found and pervasive culture which

makes itself in every word he selects and in every sentence he utters. One fault he has which no one closely connected with the Press, or consider of the agency it must exert upon the one and scope of public thought, can be expected to forgive; - and that is the supreme indifference he shows to the presentations of his speeches to the pub-lic e.io. He never speaks when he can possibly avoid it, without the most careful preparation; but she moment he has done, he seems to lose all thought or of his speeches are accessible in books or in pamphlets, although they would stand, if collected, among the best and most instructive productions of English terature ; -- nor until the recent energy of the Press, somewhat reckless an outer in its modes, it must be confessed, but effective in its results, showed him that without some personal care for the matter himself, he must go to the world in the mangled and distorted shape, which was all the desperate, panting. but inevitable Reporters could possibly give him, could the public get anything

from him even in the form of newspaper reperts of his spreches.

Fortunate in writing a hand which no human being not gifted with Champollion's skill, and with more than his pairence of study, can possibly deciphe and speaking wirh so great rapidity, and using such infinite and apparently inextricable convolutions of style, that a reporter might as well attempt to follow chain-lightening as to report his words; he seemed absolutely on that height sel-dom attained, where the press could not forced to yield; the prospect of having exquisite sentences and sentiments so though be could not repudiate them, was too much for even his resolution; and the press is now indebted to him

Correspondence.

Correspondence of the Trey Whop. SCORURY, Vr. 1

You perhaps have been grilling for the last two weeks under the hot rays of a summer's sun, and have watched with weary eye for the cloud no larger than a man's hand, fondly hoping when it did appear, that it would increase un-til it should blacken the brazen vaults above you, and discharge its humid filling, that the greenness of the earth might not fade, and that Christians and cattle might not faint because of the want of the beverage of nature. have watched, it may be, that thread of and as it rose higher and higher as day after day dragged on, niveous thoughts no doubt have haunted your tepid brain, and you have wished as your little boy does, that you had a domicil in Greenland. You have been sweating perhaps in your editorial chair, until you have prayed to be transported to an Esqui-maux's lodge, where the impressions in the snowy floor, afforded the only type of the printer's art; or you have imagined yourself, merely for the sake of contrast, as the companion of mermen and maids, as a dweller in shady glades, or as an inhabitant of a Switzer's bome.

Now if you like the hot weather, because it furnishes these very agreeable ideas to your mind, why, stay at home, be broiled and be happy. But if you prefer to enjoy a reality far more grati-fying than all these delightful anticipaions, descend a little from the high temperament of your feelings, rise early for once in your life, stow away a baif dozen — ask the laundress, she will tell you, step aboard the early train and find yourself in the country. When you have shaken off the dust of travel, and quenched the sparks which the brightness of your eyes have attracted, survey the scenery, and tell me your first impressions. You are stopping at the only hotel in the place. It may not be as commodious as you may have wished: but remember that we are not gods, and consequently cannot have ev-ery thing that we desire. Groups of children are playing on the piazzas, and parties of strollers are enjoying the pleasant coolness of a summer's evenng, while promenading along the road side or in the green fields. As night closes around you, the music which floats out on the air from yonder lighted windows, foretells the gaicty which reigns within, and the ungloved dance, if you delight in pedal exercise, will please you more than the frigid manners and the cold formality of the fashionable ball-

after your day's ride; and if you are not awakened by the songs of the "Chinese Brothers," the "Gongologians," or the "Brandon Serenaders," your repose will be continuous and refreshing. But we noon. Rest and refreshment succeed, be unto you, if the case should be otherand as the sun nears the zenith we are wise. Many a night have I listened to off on the waters. The old Governor, hens and chickens trotting about with-the thousand and five verses of the or "Uncle," as we call him, who rows out a moment's fear for their necks! "Battle of the Nile," or heard the mel- for us, proves to be more intelligent than Nature would stand aghast at the sight, stone," and fondly hoped that when thus by his actions shows that he under- now peaceful little brook would become much had been sung, that the conclusion stands well his business. The Lake is a roaring cataract, the abundant stones would shortly follow; but the end was about six miles long, and varies in width would start up from their beds to the not yet, nor would it often come until the execrable peace-breakers,baby-wak-ers, noise-makers, had iterated and reiterated the opera of the "Dying Cat," from its Alpha to its Omego, from its Genesis even unto its Exodus. But we will allow that you have slept all night, and that after breakfast you are looking around for something to do. rolling and clicking noise which you hear, accompanied with the sound of merry voices, are evidences that parties are engaged at bowling and billiards. Shall we join them? No, you say.— Well then, where will you go? Here are pleasant woods which invite you to their cool vistas, and there are lofty mountains whose summits lure you with the promise of a fine prospect. You proposed. Does that suit you any bet-ter? We will go. So we tie up our tackle, for it is supposed we all have our piscatory apparatus with us: and in buggies or on foot, ladies as well as gentlemen, we all start off for the ap-pointed place. A ride of a walk of a mile and a half brings us to the boats, channel; and having gained the sumwhich we enter, and a short row runs us alongside of a projecting rock, on ses, we are amply rewarded for our which we land, and here under the shade of huge trees we commence our greets our vision. Before us spreads work or rather play. "Look! look! the Lake, not lashed into tempest but what a fish I've caught !" cries one, as she throws the first bass out of the water. You who step up and take the fish from the hook for the fair lady, do you not know, poor fellow, that you are as surely enoght by the bright eyes which are gazing at you, as the panting fish has been by the unwitting angle, and that your only hope is, that your escape may be more merciful than his! "Halloo there, your line is entangled in mine," vociferates one of the party to another. and then fingers and eyes are busy, and the smooth and rough hands hasten to the smooth and rough hands basten to unravel the snari, which only becomes worse and worse. Now they pull this way, now that, tightening the knot and making the twist stronger and stronger. are produced, but patience is not at all thought of,—haste is the only composent in the calculation. "I'll fix cries the owner of the rough hands, and a knife from his pocket cuts the knot, and leaves two severed lines. en do misunderstandings lead to similar results in life! How often by a mistake, which could be easily explained, were pains taken so to do, are friendships bron, and kind hearts parted forever .-"Hurrali! I've caught the state of Vermout" cries a third, as his book fastens

on a sunkeh rock. Now he sweeps his

pole through the water, cutting its level

mayhaps the barb snaps, and steel re

that he himself could not recognize for manifold courtesies not less service-able to himself than to the public at large.

But these are episodes in the aport. Two hours have filled the best willow branch with a string of half a hundred

covered with green moss wet with the dews, which the noonday sun dries not. adventure, proposes an ascent to the top. Trees are selected which grow close by its sides, up which we climb with more or less grace, and are soon standing on its summit. There appears a flask of real Schiedam, and the elevation which has for ages reared its treecovered top in those primeval woods, unknown to fame, receives to-day an appellation,—and is henceforth called "Schnappa Rock." We rejoin the ladies, who meanwhile have been singing to us from the shore. Beautiful they, like the syrens of Ulysses, but they are unlike them also, for they are kind and gentle-

Here as we sit watching the long rays of the declining sun as they shoot out upon the still water, brightening it with their own splendor, the calmness of the scene makes us wish to bear away with us the name of this pleasant lake, that its mention may recall to us these dreamy hours. So we call it "Loch Meta" and the sobriquet of one of the party furnishes that which will bring to memory the pleasures of past days, and enable us in recollection to enjoy what we once in reality experienced. And now we're off, and the next morning sees us ready for new excursions and

new adventures. So we start for Lake Dunmore .-Double teams, single wagons, buggies, are all put in requisition. These dog days are deceptive. Apollo, the sun god, may enshroud his flaming steeds as he chooses, while preparing to drive into the western waters, and he may also present them enveloped in a lambent light as he urges them up the eastern heights. But do not on that account trust him. His horses may drive gently enough at first, but by-and-by when a little wearied, they shake their dripping, shaggy manes, look out, oh earth-dwellers, for a wetting. In other words, very commonplace I grant you, it may So we prepared for it. rain. and cloaks, and mantillas, and capes, and overcoats, mackentoshes, umbrellas et id omne genus, are stowed away un-You would be pleased to sleep well der the seats; and a party of twenty-fier your day's ride; and if you are not one, as merry as the law allows, set out for as pleasant a ride as the roads will permit. Sixteen miles in two hours, brings us to the Lake an hour before imunicative. He says but little, but the hill would turn into no ca from a half mile to a mile and a half. A gentle broeze slightly ruffles its sur-face, and as we glide along we bear "the ripples lightly tap the boat," and can fully appreciate the beauty of that single line, which so appropriately ex-

presses that which we have all noticed. The mile of distance between shore and shore is quickly passed, and we commence with our guide the exploration of Lana Falls, called so in honor of your townsman, General Wool,-who when visiting this spot a few years ago, by the happy thought of an accompanying friend, left to this cascade his name translated into the melodious language of Spain. Near a dilapidated a stop to rest; and our guide soon fashtree a rustic cup,—such an one as the wood nymphs of mythology might have drank from, and the bubbling water as it touches the lip, seems to receive fragrance from the receptable that contains it. From two different points we obtain a view of the falls as they impetumit, through rough but not difficult passreposing in quiet beauty. Yonder in the distance a sail marks its fair bosom. Strains of melody come floating to our cars as we listen, and we thank the great God that there are spots on the earth which the selfish hand of man has not profuned in his desire for gold,—that there are woods and waters where unture will ever reign unspoiled by art.

Above us rise the mountains, and still higher the blue heavens spread out in their vast immensity. Below us a penceful pool shut in by rocks hides in its depths the speckled troot; and through a gorge hidden from view descends topmost waters of Lana Falls write our names on the Indian paper, which we pull from a neighboring tree; and having left it in a secure place, promise at some future day to revisit the spot and recall the pleasant hour we are now enjoying. The descent is ensier, and the herries and wintergreens, the wild flowers and mosses lend us to linger by the wayside. Happy! thrice happy shall we be, if our won-derings in life shoud be in as pleasant

paths and beside waters as beautiful as Again we are feating peacefully over the waters, listening to the plasting of the oars, or the echoes of our voices. Little did Lord Dunmore think when, as Governor of New York, he main-tained legal away at old Fort George, that in less than a century his name would be forgotten in his own province. Still less did he imagine that a Lake in the booken ripples which marked the course of his line. Mayhaps he un-loosens the firm grasp of his book :the wilds of the then unknown Vermost, would be the only mements to

Ah did I hear some one say dinner?

fish; and satisfied with this lock, no fisherman's lock, mind you, a number of us agree upon a stroll. Back into the woods we wander. Before us is an elevation which we at first take for an immense boulder, but which on examination, proves to be part of a neighborination, but content. ing hill, which years agone was no has been lost in realization, but content-doubt thrown from its situation by a convulsion of nature. One of its sides, that we are returning. The fifty feet in length and as many high, sun shines out as red as blood, but you presents a perpendicular flat surface. can look at him unharmed. No nimbut increase his brilliancy.-One of the party, full to the life with day; but sioking, sinking, brightening adventure, proposes an ascent to the the clouds above him, and leaving his resplendence written on the sky long after he has become invisible to the eye

Now we are near home. "Hurrah for a joke! Let's approach as though it were raining great guns." So says one, and in an instant out fly the preparations of the morning. You could not have become enveloped in that old cloak, or hid in that box cost, nor could you have raised your umbrella and parasol, nor brought into use cape and mackintosh and mantilla in less time, had the heavens suddenly become black above you, and the air filled with the big rain drops of July. Thus we approach, and when we gain the piazza, what a roar of laughter greets us, and how sober we look! What a hurrying to escape from the imaginary rain, what confusion, what noise! And then we enjoyed our supper. And the dance was pleasant an eventide; and the repose of night brought back to us in dreams the events of the day. Beautiful faces hovered around us, calm waters glided at our feet, and pleasant music floats to us from the spirit land. r. n. u

Correspondence of the New York Times

LETTER FROM A SPOT MANY ARE ANXIOUS TO PIND. THE HAPT VALUE, Middlemoor, 1803. It may not be uninteresting to some f your readers to know in what direction to turn when they leave the heated, crowded, dusty city, to find this valley, much talked of since the time of Dr. Jourson, and often "sought but never found." I cannot well mention names, but I have found it, within a day's ride from New York. Imagine a substan-tial three-story building, part brick, and part wood, surrounded on three sides by piazzas, thrown over the hills boldly by me convulsions of nature, as it seems -for otherwise it is impossible to conceive how so large a structure could enter by such narrow inlets. In its passage over it became somewhat disar ranged, which may account for its irregular appearance. But here it stands, firm and strong-we will not question how it came. Its architectural beauty is that of fitness, it consorts so admirably with the scenery about, in variety of shape and size and color. Imagine the Astor, St. Nicholas, &c., in the Happy Valley, with trees about them ; cows ruminating under the windows great damage of french plate glass, at such a want of conformity to the roles of propriety and good taste, "A place for everything and everything in its Let your noble hotels decorate your noble Broadway; but here in our quiet vale, let us have our bricks and our white paint, our rooms here, our additions there, our freedom in archi tecture as well as in the air we breathe Away with your troops of liveried ser vante-let us be waited on still by those quiet attentive "young ladies," who stand behind our chairs. Away with your cooks and entremets—commend us to the sweet white bread, which attracts our eyes, and makes our mouths water three times a day; to the golden butter, equal to any from Orange County or Philadelphia; to the well-cooked meate

and the pumpkin pies! My eyes are very precious to me, a I have but one pair of them yet, but I would lend them to you a little while, if you could see these hills which surround us on every side, so closely that one cannot help wondering how he got here

There is a road, but that stops at the ot of a hill, you are sure; there is another, but a fence crosses the farther end of it, you know, for you have walkd there; still another, but it crosses the brook, as you can see, with my borrowed eyes; it goes to the spring and there it ends. You well remember WORDS-WORTH'S description of the vale among the mountains?" You can read it for yourself, as I do not remember it, and copies of the "Excursion" are more plenty in New York than here. But I think his description would answer ad-mirably for this place. I think so, because I experience the same calm, quiet, peaceful emotion in gazing about here in the consciousness that I am here, that I felt years ago when I rend that description; and, though the words * Judging from the description soled, pearlify, b the part man and any local and acceptance of the endion Springs, near Rational, Verticol. If so, it following passage from the "Execution,"—in this as we comparison, "elevated to make, give a securate and faithful description of the "Happenson to the "Happenson to

A low by vale, and yet uplified high Among the nomentaries; each as if the epot Had been from elderd time, by nich if there he placed to be sinted from all the world like in the interest of from all the world like in the interest of from the mean in the property of the mean in the property of the mean another mean and the mean and the mean and the mean another mean and the mean a Ah : what a prest rereal, thought I, is here!
Full make a spec.
(c) hidden beauty here i chanced in capy.
Among the metaches, arrow one left the.
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the immembe and an perfectly secure. Not anothermise, one, for it is given, And forgit, and dertie discremind as serif vivin the few acceles things that the requeste is, tagged area book to be requested to be the secure of the secure of the principle reach. The minute is in reachings the secure that the beaution of the secure of the securious discrete the securious world, it could not be some again; peace is been. Or nowhere, days uprefled by the pale of popular news or private—reach that pale Progetting or or private—reach that pale

Our brook I am never weary of look-

ing at. They call it a river, but a donen steps would take you across it, and bus, no halo surrounds him, and the to me it is a charming quiet little brook, smoky clouds soften his flash and lesson but it is sen generis, it takes its own Another shows a white face, and as we touch it, the lime on our fingers bears witness of the nature of the formation. In his arrows, for he has shot none to the beautiful lake to which it unites it self-its identity, its being swallowed up in that of another, and the united pair forming one of the most charming sights in the world. You couldn't but love my brook if you should see it, with its pure, clear water, showing every pubble, every stone, every stick, every minny, every old basin, and broken pitcher resting in its bed. It meets with a great many discouragements in its progressive rambles among the hills, for the rocks and large stones it must run around are near enough together to make a natural bridge at almost any point; but does it stop to move them? O, no! it lets them remain as they are, and goes gently around them; by its own motion and purity it cleanses them from their earthly stains, and leaves them the better for its passing visit.

Draw thence the moral. Should the doctors ever change their prescriptions and their practice, which I little neighborhood, had discovered an believe they have never done since Es-CULAPIUS studied the healing art; or if any poor fellow did suggest an improvement, straightway there was such a quack, quack, quacking, that he had almost wished he had "let well enough alone,"-should they ever direct you to put your feet in cold water instead of hot, to cure the headache, come here to do it. Those large flat stones-what are they for but to sit upon ?-that water, as it mirrors your thoughts, says, "Try me." But I bethink me-there is a blue tub and a kettle, and near by is a cottage :

"I know by the pigs, that impatiently squeated Believed the back door, that a cottage was near." When washing day comes, we shall see that clothes are made to be worn

out by beating as well as by wearing, and that stones can be beaten upon as well as sat on. But we did not come here to climb the hills all the time, to wonder if there is an outlet, or if we must dig through the mountains, to look at the lovely brook, or at the fountain which plays or all days. Sundays not excepted ; we come to the springs which nature in her love for this valley provided for the health of its inhabitants, and mixed the ingredients so carefully and mildly that one may drink the water at the fountain or at the table without a wry face, or without being reminded of eggs that have "outlived their usefulness." Take your pitcher in hand-you do not need a servant to carry it for you, for we are not at Saratoga-and go yourself to the springs. You may dip it up, fresh and cool, from one spring. You may catch it as it trickles from troughs that leads from others. From each and all the effect is the same—you are made a bet-ter, and therefore a happier man.

There are, perhaps, a dozen houses about us. "Mine host," whose kindly manner gave gentle greeting to the first visitors to this "House," sixteen years ago, has another house the other side where he lodges the overflowings of this establishment. There are one handred boarders or more, who appear to remain here in perfect contentment, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." It requires, indeed, some stretch of the imagination to believe that there is a world outside these mountains which surround us on every side, with its busy that there is none. Let us enjoy our dolce far niente for a few weeks, with no thought of the past or the future. Some fortunate New Yorkers and Boatonians have found the Happy Valley, and even the sunny South has sent some cheerful faces and sweet voices here.

If we are not on the "front side " of the house to see the new-comers as they alight from the hard-looking but easythe nearest railway station, four miles distant, we imagine that they dropped from the clouds, and we receive as " Heaven's last, best gift." All are equal-there is no out-hining, no envying, apparently no pride. But, stop! that father of those black-eyed boys does look a little proud; and that mother of those blue-eved, curly-headed girls has a self-satisfied air. But your read ers can forgive them this, especially if they are fathers and mothers them-

In the evening the large parlor is fil-led, and there is music and dancing ; but on Saturday evening-we thank for their thoughtfulness-the dancing is suspended that the preparations for the Sabbath may begin. But, ab !

The sound of the church going bell.
These callege and tooks once heard."

We must ride a few miles to church to-morrow, quite out of the Happy Val-ley. But then, this little spot of earth, girt in by the everlasting bills, -is it not, in itself, a sanctuary where one must needs Forship God? The trees wave their leafy branches and bow their venerable heads in silent worship; the brook murmurs His praises; the birds sing the bytune He taugh them. Beauty is everywhere—everywhere the revelation of His goodness. It would wrong the noblest of His creatures to suppose that thankful hearts and meek

aduration were wanting. ZETA.

Architchop Hughes made a very fair hit in a recent speech in Brooklyn. He thought is very queer that people who would not believe in the intercession of the saints place full faith in the spiritual rappings. The rebuke does revenge. not apply, we express, to those who do not believe in either .- Providence Journal

Extract from Mr. Chonte's Enlary

Glimpaes, a little of the romantic, the sweet and bitter memories of a siddler and borderer of the old Colonial time and war, opened to the large dark eyes of the rhild-memories of French and Indians stealing up to the very place where the story was telling; or own shot down at the plough within sight of the old log house; of the massiver at Fort William and Mary; of Stark, of Howe, of Wolfe falling in the arms of victory, and then of the next age, its grander scenes and higher names of of the father's part at Bennington and White Plains; of Lafayette and Washington, and then of the Constitution, just adopted, and the first President just inaugurated, with scenes of public thanksgiving to Almighty God, and the Union just spring to life,—all radiant as morning, harbinger and promise of a brighter day. You have beard how in that season be brought and first read the Constitution on the cotton handker-chief. A small cannon, I think his biographers say, was the ominous plaything of Napoleon's childhood. But this incident reminds us rather of the youthful Luther, astonished and kindling over the first Latin bible he ever saw, or the still younger Pascal, permitted to look into the Euclid, to whose sublimities an irresistible nature had attracted

Long before his fourteenth year the mother first, and then the father, and the teachers, and the schools, and the a dream not yet confessed, of giving him an education, began to be cherish-ed, and in May, 1796, at fourteen, he was sent to Exeter. I have myself heard a gentleman, long a leader of the Essex bar, and eminent in public life, now no more, who was then a popil at the school, describe his large frame, superb face, and rustic dress, surmounted with a student's gown and immuture manners when first he came; and say, too, how soon and universally his ca-parity was owned. Who does not wish that the glorious Buckmaster could have foreseen and witnessed the whole greatness, but certainly the renown which were to come to the young stranger, whom, choking, speechless, the great fountain of feelings scaled as yet, he tried in vain to encourage to declaim before the unconscious, bright tribes of

Catching a Husband.

Birds are caught, fishes are caught, and men are caught, too, and for either of these it generally requires bait, and in some cases a hook likewise. Fowl-ers and anglers are, in most cases, of the sterner sex, but it takes the ladies to catch men. And when they are determined to secure their game, they are pretty sure not to step at trifles. A gentleman recently married a woman reputed to be rich, but she turned out to be poor, and owed several hundred dollars which he had to pay. She as-sured him, however, that the debt was contracted for dry goods, which she bought to captivate him. He was caught, indeed, but it cannot be said that he bit at the naked book, as some fiches will. It was well covered with bait, and it is not strange that it took his fancy. But the poor fish, in this case, had to pay for the bait which tempted him and the book which caught

It is strange, however, that men will the fountain—the artificial one—that glistens, and every white heap is not to be considered meal. Young men, therefore, who do not wish to set-tle dry goods bills during the honey-moon, should be sure that the bait was not obtained on tick. It is quite bad enough to get an empty purse, when a to empty your own to pay for the folly you have committed in falling in love with dry goods. But if men will be fools, we will not blame the ladies. They have a perfect right to set their traps, and catch all the game they can-Still, it must be a little mortifying to be "taken in and done for " in this feel low.

Social Condition of France.

The actual number of propers receiving relief, the government is careful not to have published. It is, however, we believe, admitted to be 1,200,000, but it is thought to be 1,200,000, but it is thought to be nearer 3,500,000. In Paris, in 1847, there were 181,000 persons receiving charitable assistance. M. Villeneuse M. Villencuve gives a list of several towns in which these paupers vary from one-fourth to one-sixth of the total numher of inhabitants. The Westminister Review, January, 1851, gives the following conjectural classification of the population, which, we fear, is not very

Millionaires, 50,000 Rich Men. 200,000 In may circumstances, In moderate " 4.200,000 Gaining a decent but un-16,000,000 Living in extreme indigence, 5,000,000 Paspers, thieves, &c. 4,000,000

Is has been said of the celebrated Bothschild that, though no man was less lavish of his money, no man was more ready to detect a love of it in others. It was one day, when at a city feast, that a gentleman observed, that, for his part, he thought that venion was very good. ah! I konwah vy it is because he dosen't like to pay the prishe; it is be-caush muston's sheep, and venison's

Revenge is a common passion; it is the sin of the uninstructed. The surion, which is the sublime civilizer, em-phatically condemns it. Why? Be-cause religion ever seeks to ennoble man; and nothing so debases him as

Vice stings us even in our pleasure